

Everyone believes in something. Perhaps in love, equality, religion, or a whole host of many other things.

I believe in something, too.

I believe in hope, because I know it conquers all.

He did too. He taught me how to hold on to hope and never let it go. He is why I have hope.

Just like how some people find beauty in the smallest things in life, my grandfather found hope everywhere. To him, if you looked hard enough, there was bound to be a sliver of hope in every corner. He taught me to look at the smallest occurrences around me in a different perspective, pointing out where hope could be found. I learnt to notice the tiny wallflowers growing out from the brick walls, butterflies breaking out of cocoons and the elusive ray of sunlight shining through a thunderstorm. I started learning how to believe in hope.

A few years ago, when my grandfather was diagnosed with lung cancer in its terminal stage, the last thing I could think about at that time was hope. All I knew was that my grandfather; the man I loved, respected and admired, was going to leave me very soon. It was one of the darkest periods of my life.

When he was hospitalized, my family visited my grandfather frequently. He would always greet us with the same crinkly-eyed smile that seemed to fill the entire hospital ward with warmth, love, and of course, hope. He always went to sleep believing that he would feel better the next day. Visiting my grandfather allowed me to truly comprehend how much of a difference hope could make to someone's life. It was plain to see that he had something that the other patients in the ward did not. There was an aura around him that made people forget that he was ill, a sense of happiness that was infectious. It did not take me long to realize what it was.

Hope was what gave my grandfather the strength to smile through the pain of chemotherapy and laugh even though his body was exhausted from the endless medical procedures. Now, hope gives me the strength to pull through tough times and keep smiling.

Through my grandfather, I was taught to trust that hope could get one through even the darkest of times. Now, hope is truly something that I cannot live without. Even though he

may be gone, my grandfather and his belief in hope live on in my heart. I find myself reminding myself to have hope when I feel like giving up, when it feels like I may never be able to smile again. I tell myself that there is no excuse for me to not have hope, when my grandfather never let go of it through sickness and so much pain. I find myself becoming how my grandfather used to be. Searching for hope everyday, everywhere, and trying to be a source of it for others.

My grandfather believed in hope.

Because of him, so do I.